

UPON THE

REBUILDING the CITY,

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor,

AND THE

Noble Company of Bachelors Dining with Him, May 5th. 1669.

Nor could *Prometheus*, when he would have stole
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole
To animate his well dismembered clay,
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away.

Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each birth,
(Those stalking *Mountains*, sons of slime and mud
The Reliques of the universal Floud)
Setting them all to work, as soon as born
Then when their *Highnesses*, did not think scorn
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Masons* made,
And *Bricklayers*—the only thriving Trade,
Though they design'd, with high and pointed Towers
To pierce and stab those clouds, whose mighty showers
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb so high,
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowslips) from the sky,
Could they prevent their foolish *Babels* fall,
But were turn'd *canting*, *wandring Gypsies* all.

Nor shalt thou better speed (proud *Rome*) not Thou,
Though thou hast carried Empire on thy brow,
And with thy *Canons* made all Monarchs quake
As thunder doth the trembling *Mountains* shake:
No, though thy head, thy lofty head thou raise
To try thy horned strength with *Cynthia's*.

No, though *Father be the Prince of th' Air*,
And with thee doth his vast Dominion share;
No, though thy Eagles wings thou stretch as wide
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde;
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurst
With the same milk thy *Foundel* suckt at first;
And though thy zeal (Ah, cursed zeal!) aspire
To raise thy *Pope*, great *Pyramids* of fire,
From burned Cities; yet thy self (proud Dame)
Who burnt with *Sodoms* lust, shale with her flame.
Where are thy *Fauces* in their dark disguise,
Incendiary Priests, and subtle Spies,
Who when our *Londons* fiery tryal came,
Like *Salamanders* feasted in the flame,
And curst the hands that first should lay a Brick
Tow'rds the rebuilding that grand *Heretick*;
Who when great *Greshams* spicy nest consum'd
(Though the immortal founder stood perfum'd
In the rich Incense) hug'd themselves to see
Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.

Now let them stare and startle at the sight,
And Bark as Curs do at the Moons fair light:
Let them not boast their *Charls la Grand, la Bon*,
Great *Brittaine* can outshine them both in *One*,
A Prince of far more gracious intents.
Then all thy *urbans, Clements, Innocents*,
Upon whose head shall stand a *Triple Crown*,
When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down,
Still on our *Thames*, shall noble Barges ride,
When *Tyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her pride,
Our *Lions* still are *Rampant*, and our *Rose*
Yields her friends sweetnes, prickles to our foes:
Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-Hall*,
And eat *Geese*—Patrons of thy *Capital*.
Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store,
And her *Mock-Giants* she shall need no more.
Th' *Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will
Her own and forreign Language speak with skill;

And on that *Acre* the *Noon Sun* shall see
All his long Travels in Epitomie:
We have our *Newgate* and old *Tyburn* too,
Ready to serve their *Turns* who turn to you.

Kind Heaven and all the Elements conspire
(And such conspiracy's we may desire)
To make our City fairer, stronger, higher,
The *Sun* gets up each morn a peep of day
To oversee the Work, and late doth stay
Before he lets the Labourers retreat,
As if he undertook the work by th' *Great*.
The Earth gives clay, the water moistens it;
The gentle Air tempers, and makes it fit,
And then the fire, as if it meant to make
Full satisfaction, and revenges take
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)
Works in the *Brick-kilne*, works till it grow sick,
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*
And every *Tyle* a lasting *Blush* as who
Would say, for former *Mischift* this I do.

Nor doth the *Sun* alone the Work o're see,
But there is *One* as vigilant as he,
Pious, Loyal, Wife, Just May'r, a Lord
the Zerubbabel with a Will Guard

As the *Trowel*, whose sweet voice hath power
(As *Orpheus* had to raise his *Theban Towers*)
To make the teeming bowels of the earth
Shoot up new *Buildings* by an *amic birth*.
He guards the *Sabbaths* with a holy care,
And blesseth all the Week by that *Dayes* prayer;
His *Majistracy* lies not in his *Tain*,
His stately *Steed*, his *Scarlet*, or his *Chain*;
He, and his *Sword* in *Velvet* sit asleep,
But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep:
With a strict hand the *Ballance* he doth hold,
Trying the *Cause* how weighty, not the *Gold*:
As he with Virtue meets, or with Offence,
So do his looks or smiles, or frowns dispence;
His smoother *Chine* carrying a grave a grace,
As the *Diocesans* well bearded face.

Boast on (*old Beldame Rome*) and brag—Thou hast
Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chaste,
Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives,
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *lives*:
Those thievish *Drones* thy *Fryers* without wings,
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their *stings*.
Thou hast thy *Joan's* as well as *Popes*—Fame sayes,
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olimp*.

But *London* which the *Nuptial Band* allows,
And hates to lock her *Virgins* up in *Vows*,
Can glory in her *Bachelor Lord May'r*,
Chaste as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens Hair*:
The *Widow City* is his *Spouse*—and He
Cares for her *Children* and great *Family*:
Nor doth he stand (although he lies) alone
(He were a *Phanix* if he were but *One*)
But as the *Moon*, when she her progres goes,
The *Court of Stars*, as her Attendants shows:
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,
Great Troops of *Bachelors* adorn his Hall;
None *male content*, and yet *Male* *Virgins* all)

On May's fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous sight!)
Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;
Virgins in *Breeches*, *Virgins* all as true,
As he for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* slew;
Some hoary old, some young, but all were chaste
Either above, or underneath the waft;
None of them had they been in *Scottish School*,
Had grunted in the *Penitential Stool*;
None, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,
Had pay'd a stome to *Paul* for *Fornication*.
None from an *Ordeal Tryal* need to fly
That *Purgatory fire* of *Charity*;
None free of *Gresham Colledge*, not a *Man*
Need fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan*;
None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)
Wears (though another's *Hair*) another's *Nose*.
My *Lord* himself, and all his *Guests*, I think
In the same *Cup*, might without danger drink;
Yet none, (if called lawfully) but can
Beget a *Son*, may prove an *old rm in*.

The *Sons of Peace*, and *Sons of Mars*, if *Charls*
Please to take notice of his *Neighbours* snarls
Came not to shew their *Valour* in his Hall,
But *Custard*, batter *Pasty Wall*:

their *Teeth* or *Knives* were sharpest set:
To take the *Red-coat-Lobby* by the back.
And with bold hands, their *clattering Armour* crack;
But their chief errand was to pray he would
Command their Persons and accept their *Gold*.
And if their *Votes* and *mis* were current, He
Should their *Perpetual Dictator* be.
But if the *scarlet Sphere* must turn about
(Though turning round makes giddy heads I doubt)
Yet his *Exemplar Government* shall stand,
And teach Successors how they should command.

A *Virgin Queen*, and *Bachelor Lord Mayor*,
To *England* are as prosperous as rare,
She made the *City* love the *Court*, and He
The *Court* the *City* by his *Loyalty*.
He a wise Imitator of his *King*,
Finds *Moderation* is a *Healing* thing.

Oh, if our *Churches Over* would yeild
And let poor *Labourers* come forth and build,
Such as *Untempred Mortar* dare not use,
Nor for Foundations, *straw* and *stubble* chuse;
Though every *stone* *across* they do not lay,
But some work one, and some another way,
Our *New Jerusalem* should then behold
Sion in glory, though it wanted *Gold*.
Hard upon *Hard*, no lasting work will make,
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:
But *Moderation* is a *Cement* sure,
'Tis that which makes the *Universe* endure:
That makes our *Climate* prove a *temperate Zone*
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Arctic* One.
If we all build up *Pater-Noster Row*,
We may let *Ave-Mary-Curts* go;
Black and *White Friars* did together stand,
And may again, if *Wisdom* might command,
If not, I'll say no more, but this will swear,
Bedlam and *Bishopsgate* *neare* *Neighbours* are.